

## Baby, You're a Haunted House by caughtindeadlights

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**Summary:**

“Boo homie!”

Eddie jumped from his couch and pulled a pillow to defend himself. He reluctantly turned to face the faint figure. “W-what are you?”

“A ghost, duh! Haven’t you heard of Casper? I’m like him, but your worst nightmare.” Richie wore a shit-eating grin. So he has been right. There had been a ghost messing with him for the past few days. He directly looked into the ghost’s eyes. Eddie hated to admit it, but he looked quite attractive for a ghost.

As if the ghost read his mind, he said, “Like what you see, Eds?”

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Eddie moves into an apartment unaware that he had an undead roommate lurking around.

## 1. Being a Ghost Sucks

To say being a ghost was boring was an understatement for Richie Tozier. It was fucking dull as shit. Do you remember how people used to imagine what it would be like to be a ghost and the things they would do? Yeah, it's not fun at all. Being a ghost sucks. The apartment he had occupied for the past year was bare. It was uncomfortable, to say the least for Richie to "sleep" in since all the furniture from the previous owner had been removed. That was another thing he hated about being a ghost. Not being able to sleep on a bed.

For many days, Richie would wonder why he was still stuck on Earth despite being dead as a doorknob. He didn't know not all souls would automatically go to heaven or hell. Apparently, there had been a long ass list of names that were on the waiting list to go either way. It's insane really. And do you know what's another thing that really sucks about being a ghost? Not being able to leave the place you're forced to inhabit unless something miraculous happens to you (which is a slim chance of something ever happening). Apparently, ghosts can't walk through walls at all. That was just a myth created by Hollywood. Definitely not cool at all. Richie craved to go explore the outside world. To mingle with others and surround himself with people he loves. He hated the everbearing silence. He hated that he didn't know what time of day it was and what year it had been.

And don't get him started on food. He missed eating and drinking. The feeling of eating so much that you could almost vomit. The sweet burning sensation of soda.

Do you know what's the one burning thing that tops all the other reasons why being a ghost sucks? It's that you're forever alone and no one will ever come looking for you. Now that's the number one thing Richie hated the most about being a ghost. It beat everything else on the list of the reasons why this whole life sucks. He could think of a million other reasons why the undead life isn't great, but these reasons were the ones that stuck with him the most.

He had wondered what had he done in his past life that would bring this eternal suffering. He swore hell was a better place than this if he

had actually been to be sent there instead. But he didn't know. And that's another issue that crossed the ghost's mind. He didn't know what the fuck was going on with him and the outside world. And it drove him mad of course.

So Richie did his normal routine. Wake up, not knowing what time it is and just stare into space. Sometimes he would stare out at the only window in the whole apartment. If he was lucky enough, something interesting like a car accident might pop up once in a lifetime near the apartment complex. Unfortunately, that was what his undead life resorted to. Absolutely nothing. Richie kept praying to whichever God that would listen to his pleas for change to occur. Ever since he had become a ghost, he was unsuccessful. Until now.

Richie heard the sound of keys rattling against the door to the apartment. A short man with a belly the size of a watermelon had come bursting into the apartment that the ghost occupied. A tall and slimmer man was trailing behind him. Richie had been startled at the sudden visitors but was a little pleased for someone actually coming.

"So, this is the place! It's very spacious as you can see for an apartment." The short man had boasted.

"There's no rats or any creatures lurking around here, correct? I'm not very fond of those guys roaming around, y'know." The slim man noted.

"Ah yes, none at all! Here at Springs Complex, we do our very best to keep critters out of the complex." The watermelon belly man had grinned.

"Good." The slim man thought for a moment and clicked his tongue. "It's a bit dusty and the place needs a little repainting, but I think that'll be fine."

The man with the watermelon belly hadn't said anything. He let the slim man do his thing, looking for every nook and cranny of the place. Anything that wouldn't meet his standards. Luckily, the slim man wasn't able to find anything out of the ordinary.

"Okay, everything seems to meet my standards." The slim man

happily replied.

“Great! Let’s go downstairs now and we can fill out the necessary paperwork.”

Both men had left the apartment, leaving the flattered ghost back in the agonizing silence. Richie had tried to get a better look at the slim man while he was surveying the place, but the man kept goddamn moving. However, that didn’t matter to him as much as he was going to have a roommate. He finally had someone to keep him company at last. He was looking forward to the day the slim man was moving in.

## 2. Moving In

4 days had passed since Eddie had taken a look at an apartment in Springs Complex. A rental truck and convertible had entered the apartment complex parking lot. A total of 6 bodies had exited out the vehicles.

“Is this the place?” Mike asked while taking a look at their surroundings. The parking lot of the complex wasn’t as crowded.

“Yeah, this is the place.” Eddie pointed at the third floor of the building. “You see that unit near the staircase? That’s my place.”

Eddie made a move to go get the keys for the place while his friends start to unload and carry the different pieces of furniture upstairs. After the unlocking of the apartment and furniture carried on to the third floor, the group entered the place.

“Wow! Can you guys believe it? Our little Eddie has his own place now!” Bev said after gently placing a box full of books onto the floor.

Eddie’s cheeks were flushed with pink. He didn’t appreciate being called little sometimes, but he brushed it off and accepted the praise. “You know, I wouldn’t have done it without you guys. I mean, it was all of you that suggested I leave the crappy dorms.”

He was right. His friends who all had their own places were able to push Eddie to get his own place. Eddie always dreamt of having his own place ever since he graduated high school. That wasn’t possible, however, since Eddie couldn’t afford to get his own unit during his freshman year. But now that dream is a reality.

“Yeah, this place is leagues better than the dorms, Eddie. I’m so jealous of you right now.” Ben jokingly replied while placing a box full of pots and pans on the kitchen floor.

“Oh, come on now. You got a great place, Ben. Also, you guys can swing by here anytime you want, as long as you give me a heads up first.”

“You bet I’m g-gonna crash in your place all the time,” Bill said while placing a wooden chair against the wall.

Eddie chuckled to himself at his friends’ praise. That was one of the many reasons why he loved them. They were very supportive of him when he needed it the most. Admittedly, they were more supportive of him compared to his mom. Speaking of his mom, he wondered how she had been doing. He hadn’t called her for 2 years now. Surprisingly, she hadn’t bothered to call either.

“Hey, earth to Eddie!” Bev poked Eddie’s shoulder. “Where should I put these?”

Beverly had held up a box full of photo albums. Eddie’s eyes widened a bit, quickly snatching the box of prized possessions.

“I can take it from here, Bev. Thanks for giving me notice.” Eddie put on a little forced smile. He made a mental note to himself to organize those later.

“Sure, thing Eddie.” Bev returned the smile and went back downstairs to fetch more things in the rental truck.

“Oh my god, Eddie. I can’t believe you still have these,” Stan had held up a box full of shower caps.

Eddie turned towards Stan and burst out in a fit of laughter. “I can’t believe it either! God, why do I even have that on me?”

The box Stan had held up was what they wore when they were at the Clubhouse. The Clubhouse was the group’s hangout when they were young. Looking at the box brought back fond and joyful memories Eddie had with his best friends.

Eddie took the box from Stan and examined it. “How old were we when we had these? Like 13, right?”

Stan nodded and pulled a curl away from his face. “Yeah, you’re right. It’s actually mines if I remember correctly.”

Eddie had patted the box his curly-haired best friend was still holding. “Well, I feel kinda bad for holding it from you all these

years. It's supposed to be yours anyway."

"No, you can keep it." Stan pushed the box to Eddie. "I have no use for it anyway. There are like zero spiders at my place."

"You never know, you might need it when you least expect it." Eddie pushed the box back to Stan and gave it a little pat for good luck. Stan was taken back with surprise at Eddie's action, but he grinned.

"Come on, ya lovebirds. Get back to work." Bev playfully nudged the pair in the back. "You don't want to leave the rest of us doing all the heavy lifting."

"We're sorry. We just got caught up with this. In fact, catch this!" Eddie threw a shower cap at Bev to which Bev groaned in disgust.

"I don't know why you just did that! You're supposed to be a germaphobe!" Bev pulled the shower cap away from her body and threw it at the leader of the friend group. "Hey, Bill! Look out!"

Bill not aware of the spring of events shrieked when he saw a dusty looking shower cap hit him on the shoulder. The trio had begun to explode in a fit of laughter.

"That wasn't c-cool you guys."

Mike and Ben came back from grabbing more furniture from the rental truck. They were confused at a disgusted Bill and the trio that was on the floor laughing.

But low and behold, amidst the college students laughing while setting up the place, they were unaware of a ghost observing the group of friends. The ghost noticed how different the group members' personalities were, but was in awe of how they clicked despite their differences.

Thankfully, this time around, Richie was able to get a better look at the slim man's face. He had brown eyes, a long nose, and a smile that shined bright that would give the sun a run for its money. He also had neat brunette hair that was combed back. He could list the many reasons on how neat-looking the man "Eddie" was like, but surprisingly, he had tattoos littered on both of his arms. For a tidy

person he consists to be, he had never thought a guy like him would get a tattoo. More specifically, more than one tattoo.

Not to mention, Eddie had worn a loose-fitting t-shirt that made his tattoos go on display. But all of that didn't matter compared to how irritated he can easily get. Bill had almost dropped a vase and Eddie scolded him for it. He noticed how desperately he didn't want to scold some of his friends, but he couldn't help but burst when something wasn't on par with him.

Richie smirked to himself as he kept watching Eddie. He had made up his mind on a housewarming treat to his roommate. And that was to make Eddie's life a living hell. The ghost wished he had some popcorn right now because the brunette was in for a treat.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

And there's the second chapter! I hope you guys are still enjoying the story so far. As you can see, the mayhem will begin in the next part hehe. I have planned to either post a chapter every Friday or Saturday, so be on the lookout. Don't forget to leave a comment on your thoughts and I'll see all of you in the next chapter. :)



### 3. Who Are You Gonna Call?

#### Notes for the Chapter:

I know I was supposed to post this chapter on Friday, but I decided to post it a day earlier. This is because I actually finished writing this chapter faster than usual. And that's because I had so much fun writing this chapter. Anyways, don't forget to leave a comment on your thoughts and I'll see you in the next chapter. :D

Eddie isn't the type of person to wrong anybody. For most of his life, he had been the goody two shoes. Always striving for the best grades and having to meet a strict curfew every night for most of his life. It didn't make sense to him for some ghost or spirit to be messing with him in his new apartment. What could he have done in a past life to deserve this type of treatment?

For the past four days, the brunette has been witnessing a bunch of strange paranormal occurrences. Heck, was there really a ghost messing with him? There could be a possibility there wasn't. But how could one explain seeing his name being written on his bathroom mirror after he was done taking a hot shower? Or that one time his desk's contents have been messed up, not in their usual place? What about that one time the tv turn on by itself and a bunch of channels kept popping up on the screen? And how could he forget that time his favorite chips were gone? All of these instances drove Eddie mad and to add to that, exhausted from this fiasco.

Eddie had just finished cleaning the "ghost's" mess or whoever the hell that had been doing these annoying shenanigans. He crashed onto the couch and ran a hand through his brunette hair. He wasn't going to lie about how surreal it felt to be away from his mom. That was the most satisfying thing about getting your own place. To be away and independent from your parents. But the only glaring issue about having his own place is that stupid ghost thing roaming around his place. His place that he's renting out with his hard-earned money! He would continue to think about all of this, but his eyes started to flutter shut. The sweet sensation of sleep filling his whole body.

Maybe that's what he needed. A well-deserved nap after reorganizing his place. But within a few minutes of his peaceful slumber, he was interrupted by the sound of pots banging on each other.

Eddie had jolted awake from the abrupt loud noise and covered his ears. Another thing to add on his list of things he hated about getting his own place was having neighbors. And his neighbors kept complaining about the loud noises coming from Eddie's apartment. He wished he could make the noises stop, but he couldn't do anything because no matter what he tried, the ghost would figure out something new to start another mess.

"Shit. This has got to fucking stop." Eddie muttered under his breath. He's drawing the line now. The brunette couldn't take another shenanigan of this ghost any longer. Eddie grabbed the phone that was on the wall and dialed his neat freak best friend. At this point, the banging of the pots had stopped thankfully. He heard the familiar voice of his best friend pick up from the other line. "Hello, Eddie? What's up?"

"Hey, Stan. I have a problem." Eddie glumly stated.

"Already? What is it?"

"I think there's a ghost in my apartment." The confession was very embarrassing on Eddie's part. He heard Stan choking on a drink.

"Woah, are you okay, Stan?" His embarrassment faded into concern.

Stan coughed a little. "Yeah, I'm still alive. You said what now?"

"I think there's a ghost in my apartment," Eddie repeated what he said earlier.

"Are you sure about that? Maybe you've been hearing things? Oh my god! Have you been doing drugs?"

"What?! No way!" Eddie rebutted. "I would never and you would know that, Stan!"

"I was kidding about that last part, but are you really serious?"

“Yes, I’m 100% sure.” Irritation dripped from his tone. “How could you explain my tv turning on in the middle of the night?”

“Well, what do you want me to do? Call the ghostbusters?”

“Stan, no!” Eddie cringed at his best friend’s suggestion. He sure was taking the news well. “I’m serious. Is there anything I can do to make this ghost go away?”

“Well, you could call an exorcist or maybe use an ouija board. Aside from that, I can’t think of anything else.”

“An ouija board? I am not putting my hand on one of those things!”

“Well, you seem to be kind of stuck, Eddie. Have you tried talking to the ghost for once?”

“Uh, no I haven’t actually.”

“Are you fucking kidding me, Eddie?!”

“Hey, you never know if this ghost is dangerous or going to haunt me! You wouldn’t want your best friend to be possessed, right?”

Stan sighed from the other end of the line. “You’re right, but try talking to the spirit okay? It’s the least you can do.”

“Okay, I will. Thanks, Stan.”

“Don’t try to die, okay?”

“Oh, shut it.” Eddie hung up after hearing a bit of laughter from the other end of the line.

He sat back down on the couch and sighed. This was such a stupid idea, but what other options did he have? Here goes nothing he thought.

“Whoever is out there that has been messing up my place for the past few days, show yourself.”

He was greeted with silence for a few seconds. Eddie had started to grow angry. Was it really all in his head? But before he could dwell

on the thought any longer, he felt someone's breath near his ear.

"Boo homie!"

Eddie jumped from his couch and pulled a pillow to defend himself. He reluctantly turned to face the faint figure. "W-what are you?"

"A ghost, duh! Haven't you heard of Casper? I'm like him, but your worst nightmare." Richie wore a shit-eating grin. So he has been right. There had been a ghost messing with him for the past few days. He directly looked into the ghost's eyes. Eddie hated to admit it, but he looked quite attractive for a ghost.

As if the ghost read his mind, he said, "Like what you see, Eds?"

Eddie cringed at the nickname, but blurted out a couple of questions towards the undead figure, "First of all, how do you know my name? And secondly, what's your name?"

"I've been watching you for a while, silly. Ever since you moved in I've given you a housewarming treat. How did you like it so far?" Richie smugly replied.

Eddie was starting to grow angry at the ghost's behavior. "Well, you gave me a shitty housewarming treat."

Richie gasped at Eddie's reply, putting a hand on where his heart should've been. "You broke my dead heart, Eds."

"Can you quit calling me that, you piece of shit?! Last time I remembered you didn't answer my second question!"

"Oh, where are my manners?" The ghost facepalmed himself. "The name's Richie Tozier or you can call me Trashmouth. I react to both." The ghost winked and held out his transparent hand.

Richie Tozier, huh? A fitting name for an annoying person. Eddie had chosen to not shake the ghost's hand in light of his crude behavior. "Okay, Richie. Tell me, are you ever going to stop trashing my place?"

"Oh my god! I love the sound of my name on your lips, Eds. I wish I

could touch myself now.”

“What the fuck?” When Richie meant trashmouth, he really meant it. “If you were here alive I would strangle the hell out of you.”

“Maybe you could spank me instead? Make me a good boy would ya, Eds?” Richie wiggled his eyebrows.

“You’re the worst roommate ever! I cannot imagine what your previous roommate must’ve felt like.”

“I wouldn’t know. I haven’t had a roommate in like forever.” Richie nonchalantly said. “Until you came.” He bopped him on the nose. Richie’s response caught Eddie slightly off guard, but he’ll dwell on that thought later.

“Well, what can I do to make you stop messing with my place? I can’t afford to keep cleaning up your mess. I have an education and social life.”

“Hmm, let me give you a blowjob.”

Eddie swore he almost vomited at the ghost’s suggestion. “Ew, gross! First of all, you can’t just assume someone’s sexuality!”

“I’m kidding! Kidding!” Richie’s lighthearted tone dropped. “But do you like men?”

“Yeah, I do. But you aren’t a man and certainly not my type.”

“Ouch. I am definitely a man. You just haven’t seen my little buddy. You wanna see it?” Richie hooked his fingers on the waistband of his jeans, almost going to tug them down.

“Nuh-uh. Nope! Not at all!” Eddie quickly responded to Richie’s comment about his ‘buddy’. He would never want to see his buddy at all. “Ain’t happening anytime at all. Anyways, stay on topic.”

“You’ll warm up to me eventually, babe.” Richie meekly smiled. “All you have to do is treat me like an ordinary roommate and I won’t trash your place.”

Was he fucking around with him? Eddie thought that had been way too easy of a deal. Surely, there had to be a catch, right?

“Seriously?” Eddie asked in disbelief. “How can I tell if you’re telling the truth?”

“Oh, I certainly am, Eds!” Richie laid down on the couch. “I almost forgot. I want to get to know you a little more.”

And there was the catch he was expecting. Eddie didn’t like the idea of getting to know Richie. He would rather just have both of them live their separate lives in peace. But judging from Richie’s personality, it would be hard for that to actually happen.

“Now come over here and tell me your life.” Richie patted the empty spot on the couch. Eddie for sure didn’t like what was going to happen next. “I don’t have all day.”

“You’re a ghost, for christ’s sake. You do have all day asshole.” Eddie plopped onto the empty spot of the couch and leaned onto the armrest. He took a peek at Richie’s transparent face to see an eager expression as if he was a puppy. He was surely not going to enjoy this at all.

## 4. Personal Hell

### Notes for the Chapter:

Hi guys! I'm sorry for the slight delay in uploading this chapter. I've been feeling down after the whole James Ransone thing on Twitter. I am not defending what he did nor do I cancel him for it, but I just hope he's a different person from all the negative things that are being said. Also, I was on Thanksgiving break, but I'll try my best to stick to the regular posting schedule. As always, I hope you like this chapter and feel free to leave a comment if you like. Feedback is always appreciated! <3

Eddie couldn't imagine Richie to be even more annoying than he was. But much to his shock, he proved he was a thousand times more annoying as hell. Despite Eddie initially admitting he didn't want to know more about the ghost, it was actually entertaining. Admittedly, it was difficult to keep up with the ghost because he kept jumping from topic to topic. He swore Richie could've been a rapper if he kept speaking too fast. However, there were quite a few things he learned about the ghost. He had learned Richie was a drama major, good at impressions, and super gay. Speaking about his sexuality, Richie didn't miss an opportunity to make a gay joke. His jokes were suffocating. The brunette offered the occasional response to the ghost's stories, but the ghost wasn't having this at all.

"When I said I wanted to get to know you, I meant you. Not me. I'm flattered you would listen to me blabber though." Richie put on a little grin.

Eddie scowled. He didn't want to talk about himself. He was afraid the ghost would use it to blackmail him or something. On another note, he quite frankly didn't like to open up to people who he didn't naturally converse with.

"I would bore you to death with my own stories. I promise you. You're way more interesting than me."

“Wait, did you just compliment me?” Richie genuinely asked. “I knew we were making progress on our relationship.”

“Relationship? I’ve told you several times I wouldn’t date you ya piece of junk.” Eddie fought back.

“You mean hot piece of junk, right? You can’t deny we got chemistry, babe. I can see it in your eyes.” Richie whispered the last part in his ear. Eddie felt his breath, which he hated that sensation.

He shoved all those weird thoughts popping inside his mind. “Are we done here? I want to do my homework.”

“Why do your homework when you can do me instead?”

And there he goes again with the crude jokes. He is going to find a way to kill the ghost no matter if that didn’t make any sense. He would fire another remark, but he was getting tired of the useless bickering. It all seemed so pointless to him now. He made a run to his room, but the ghost cried out loud.

“Aye! Where are you going? You haven’t told me anything about you, Eddie spaghetti!”

Eddie stopped in his tracks and turned to the transparent figure. “What did you just call me?”

“Eddie spaghetti. A nice ring it has!” Richie said in Yoda’s voice. Eddie tried his best to not stifle a giggle at the ghost’s spot-on impression.

Resist! You must resist! You don’t want him to be victorious!

Richie made his way towards Eddie. When he was close to Eddie, he whispered in his ear, not dropping the Yoda voice, “Give in already just. Trash in your place right, you don’t want?”

Richie’s phantom breath tickled him a bit and he almost shuddered. What was up with him whispering in his ear? He didn’t know how to respond.

Richie noticing Eddie’s discomfort dropped the Yoda voice and gave



Eddie some space. "If you're really that uncomfortable, you can just tell me one thing. One thing and I'll stop bothering you, okay?"

Seeing the ghost being concerned was a first. Even though he didn't know Richie for too long, it felt odd to see him down. Being sad didn't suit the ghost at all.

Swallowing his disgust, the brunette said, "I like to cook, okay?"

Richie blinked and his famous shit-eating grin came back, "Oh really? Well, do you want to make a burger? I'll bring the beef and you can bring the buns."

"I regret ever speaking." Eddie groaned and put his face in his hands. This was probably a mistake.

Richie quickly replied, "I bet you're a great cook though. If I was alive, I would love to try your cooking."

Eddie's eyebrows furrowed and looked up at the ghost across from him. "Maybe I won't poison you."

Richie fired back with another suggestive comment. "How could you poison me when you've poisoned me with your dashing good looks?"

But somehow, he gradually let his guard down and eased into the conversation. Richie was contagious. The way he spoke and the body language he displayed was too hard not to look at. He was a literal walking chick magnet. Richie was probably the popular kid in school and was always getting all the girls and guys. He actually wondered if the ghost had gone steady with someone, but he wouldn't dare say that to his face. He also noticed the ghost displayed so much confidence, a trait he always desired but couldn't work towards achieving it. He had to thank his mother for making him never able to be like that.

But there was one thing that couldn't leave Eddie's mind. And he had to get it out.

"So, I was wondering, how did you figure out you were a ghost?"

"Well, when I tried to open that door," Richie pointed to said door.

“My hand went through the door.”

“But if your hand could go through the door, couldn’t you walk through the door? I thought ghosts can walk through walls and stuff.”

“As if I already didn’t try that way.” Richie sarcastically said and pointed at his body. “I thought ghosts can walk through walls, but all that stuff is a big fat lie.”

“Is there any chance you remembered how you died?” The question made Eddie uncomfortable, but he couldn’t deny wanting to know more about Richie’s transformation as a ghost.

“I don’t remember at all. All I remember was waking up to an empty apartment and that I’m translucent.” Richie’s happy demeanor disappeared as he talked about this. Eddie was stunned from Richie’s response. He couldn’t find the right words to say after he filled an emotional atmosphere between the two. Silence fell onto the pair.

But suddenly the phone rang, interrupting the awkward silence that fell on the pair. Eddie left his spot on the couch, not noticing Richie’s little pout.

“Hello?”

“Hey, Eddie. Where are you?” Stan asked.

“I’m at my apartment. Why?” It quickly dawned onto the brunette that he and his friends had a group study session tonight. He also most certainly forgot all about it.

“Oh shit! I am so sorry. I got super caught up with my homework that I must’ve lost track of time.” Eddie lied about the last part. He didn’t want his friends knowing that a ghost was trying to befriend him.

“Oh no, that’s fine. Are you still coming?” Eddie could hear his friends chatting in the background of the call.

“Yeah, yeah I am. I’ll be there in a few. You guys can start the study

session without me though.”

“Okay, I’ll see you there.” Eddie hung up the phone and started to walk towards his bedroom to grab the stuff he needed.

“What was that? You got a date?” Richie yelled at the brunette.

“Uh no. I have this group study session with my friends and I forgot about it.” He yelled back as he was putting a bunch of stuff in his backpack.

“Wow. I’m irresistible to you, Eds.” Richie proudly commented.

“No, you’re not.” Eddie left his room with his backpack slung over his shoulder and keys in hand. “Anyways, I’ll be going now and you behave.”

“Can’t I tag along with you instead? I promise I’ll be a good boy.” Richie pleaded with puppy dog eyes and his transparent hands clasped together.

Eddie thought about it for a moment. If he stays, he might throw a fit and mess up his place again, which isn’t what he wants. And if he goes with him, there’s the possibility he might screw things up with his friends. He mentally kicked himself. He really wasn’t going to like both outcomes.

“You have to behave, okay?” Eddie told this to Richie as if he was talking to a little kid. “And no fucking things up with my friends? I don’t want to lose friendships tonight. They’re my childhood friends and the only friends I have.”

“Anything for you, Eddie spaghetti.” Richie got up from the couch and followed Eddie to the door.

Could this day get any worse?

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Richie never liked the quiet. It was nerve-wracking and awkward. That was one of the main reasons why he never liked the library at all. Not to mention the quiet can be lonely. Maybe he felt like this

after being alone for a year in silence. He couldn't believe he begged to tag along with Eddie to one of the places he never liked! On the plus side, he gets to meet Eddie's friends (informally). But the ghost was itching for some kind of action to occur during the study sesh.

When the pair made it to the library, Eddie's friends had warmly greeted the brunette before continuing their studying. Richie saw Eddie left his side and take the remaining empty chair that was in between a guy with light brown curls and the only girl in the group. The brunette placed his backpack on the floor. He chatted happily with the guy with light brown curls.

Despite being invisible to most of the people at the table, Richie couldn't help but feel awkward. He felt he didn't belong there. His cheery mood was fading when he saw Eddie laugh with the others. The brunette didn't acknowledge his presence as soon as he sat at the table. Maybe this was a bad idea, after all, the ghost thought.

Eddie glanced at where Richie stood for a few seconds and got up from his spot. The sound of Eddie's chair moving caught the ghost off guard.

"Where are you going, Eddie?" The guy with the light brown curls questioned the brunette, a little confused at his actions.

"I'm just going to get another chair. Don't mind me, Stan." The curly-haired boy shrugged this off and continued his task of making flashcards. Eddie made his way to the nearest table to find a chair. Lucky enough, he was able to find one not too far from the friend group. He quickly carried the chair he found and made his way back to his friends. When he was nearing his friends' table, he put the chair a little close to his chair.

Richie whispered a quick thanks as he sat on the chair. In return, Eddie nodded and went back to conversing with the guy with light brown curls. It was strange, but Richie didn't feel like starting any shenanigans at the moment. Instead, Richie observed the friend group. 30 minutes passed by and the group was chatting to each other quietly. He finally was able to point out everyone's names with ease. Along with learning their names, he got to know them a little better. Bill stuttered a lot but was a great writer. Mike was into

anthropology. Beverly and Ben were a thing. He could tell by the constant flirting they send to each other. And finally, Stan was the one with the light brown curls. He seemed to be a lot like Eddie. Tidy, a little uptight, and good at making remarks.

Richie noticed Eddie seemed super close to Stan. He looked at the pair. The brunette was laughing quietly at something the curly-haired boy said. They looked good together. Was Eddie sure about being single?

“So, w-why were you late Eddie?” Bill spoke after looking up from his textbook.

“I told you guys I was invested in my homework and lost track of time,” Eddie says as he highlighted something in his notebook.

“For 45 minutes? That must be some difficult homework.” Ben plays with his pencil.

“I’m serious you guys! That’s just a one-time thing. I promise I won’t be late next time if I upset you guys tonight.” Eddie looks up from his notebook and put his hands up in the air in defense.

“We’re not mad, Eddie. Just worried.” Bev put a hand on Eddie’s shoulder after Eddie put his hands down. “Better late than never am I right, boys?”

The rest of the group hummed in approval. Richie couldn’t help but feel a little angry at Eddie’s friends. Recalling what Eddie had said earlier, they were childhood friends. Surely, they would be a little understanding of him, right?

“Maybe Eddie’s got a little new roommate he didn’t tell us about,” Stan noted.

Richie could’ve sworn he had seen all the color in Eddie’s face disappear.

“Wait, what?” Bev let her hand on Eddie’s shoulder drop. “You’ve always wanted a place to yourself. How did you get a roommate and who are they?”

“Stan’s just joking around.” Eddie laughed a little. “I don’t have a roommate.”

“Oh no. Eddie, hasn’t this roommate of yours messing with your place?”

“Stan! Drop it.” Eddie whispered shouted.

Richie had enough of what was happening at the moment. Before Richie knew what he was doing, he stood up from his seat and shoved Stan out of his chair. Stan was shocked at the sudden action and yelped a little. The rest of Eddie and Stan’s friends got up from their seats to see if Stan was okay. Richie took a few steps backwards, surprised at the way he reacted.

Eddie quickly helped Stan back on his feet. “Are you okay?”

“Yeah, I’m good. I’m not wounded.” Stan snarkily replied.

“Hey, it’s been fun studying with you guys, but I actually gotta go now.” Eddie looked at where Richie stood before looking back at his friends. “I’ll see you guys on campus tomorrow.” The brunette started packing his things and waved goodbye to his friends. Richie silently followed Eddie.

Eddie’s friends waved him goodbye and went back to their seats confused at what had just happened. Eddie, on the other hand, was furious at what Richie did.

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When Eddie and Richie went inside the apartment, Eddie dropped his things on the floor and slammed the door shut.

“What the hell was that back there?!” Eddie shouted at the ghost. “You hurt Stan!”

“But Stan was interrogating you! Also, he said he was fine!” Richie retorted.

“I can handle myself, Richie. It’s not up to you to take things into your own hands.”

“I guess you don’t want me here then, huh? Fine. Just pretend I don’t exist since you said it yourself that you don’t have a roommate.” After saying this, Richie hid in the corner of Eddie’s living room curled up in a ball. He didn’t know what had gotten into him to do what he did to Stan. After being alone for such a long time, all the ghost wanted was a friend. How hard could that be?

## 5. Redemption

### Notes for the Chapter:

Hello again! Here's yet another chapter and this time I didn't post it later than usual. :D If there were any mistakes, I apologize for them. I felt like posting this chapter as soon as I finished. Anyways, I have nothing else to say except that I feel a lot like Eddie in this chapter lately.

### Chapter 5: Redemption

A day has passed since Eddie and Richie fought over what went down on the Losers' Club's regular study session. The silence that fell onto the pair was viewed differently. For Eddie, he enjoyed it. And on the plus side, he didn't have to worry about constantly quieting the ghost. There was, however, one thing he didn't like the new atmosphere in his apartment. He didn't like there was anything that could distract him from his work. Admittedly, he enjoyed the occasional distraction from his homework. He definitely needed a break every now and then from his homework or else he would lose his mind. The stress Eddie was in was a little too much for him to handle. Usually, he was good at managing it, but now he wasn't too sure. he swore he was going to have a breakdown.

"Hey, uh." Eddie heard Richie spoke. "I don't know if it's the right time to approach you, but I just want to see if you're okay."

No apology? What a shitty roommate.

"You know, before checking to see if someone's okay. Maybe you should apologize for fucking up instead."

Eddie saw Richie flinch a little at his words. He could see Richie was trying at least and that there was venom visible in his words.

"Look, I know I'm not a very good roommate, but I just want to see how you're doing. It looks like you're going through a rough time right now."



“Oh, am I? I guess you’re the type of roommate that cares when someone is hurting.”

“For fuck’s sake, Eddie! I’m sorry, okay? I thought it would’ve been better if I check on your wellbeing as of now rather than fuss over something I did wrong in the past.” Richie fought back. “I’ve been observing you and realized you haven’t eaten at all today.”

In a way, Richie was right. Eddie should take a step back and rethink for a bit. He should probably go outside and grab a bite with his real friends.

“On second thought, you are right. I should eat something.” Eddie happily admitted with a hint of sarcasm as he started to grab a few things.

“Really?” Eddie could see Richie’s eyes widen in surprise. “Maybe we could-”

Eddie interrupted the ghost saying, “With my friends. I’m going to go outside with friends.”

The smile on Richie’s face left his face as soon as Eddie mentioned his friends. “Ah, I see. Have fun I guess.”

“Yeah, thanks,” Eddie replied dully as he left his apartment with some of his stuff. Richie was yet alone again in the silence.

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Eddie partially lied when he said he was going to meet friends. He actually was planning to go to class first and then meet his friends. What he didn’t expect to come out from his classes was that his professors assigned him more work he had to do. On top of that, he had two tests he had to study for. He wished he could just disappear off the face of the earth for a little bit, but Eddie knew that that wouldn’t be possible for him.

When he made plans to hang out and eat a little with his friends, he learned all of his friends were having a great semester. In fact, they had little to do to prepare for midterms. Everybody but him. That was the bad part. Everyone else was having a good time except him.

It was hard to smile when his friends talked so fondly of not having to stress out at all while he's suffering a lot.

But besides that, eating did make him feel a little despite his current situation he's in.

"So Eddie, I know you said you didn't have a roommate. But the gang and I just want to make sure you don't have one, right?" Bev said.

"What roommate?" Eddie pretended to not remember what went down last night at the college library.

"He kept mentioning how you have a roommate that's invisible? Does that ring any bells?"

Eddie decided he was going to kill Stan once he came back with the rest of the club with more food.

"Don't listen to him," Eddie says after he took a bite from his pizza. "He must be watching a lot of Ghostbusters because well, it's October and Halloween is in a few weeks."

"Okay, if you say so." Bev accepted his response and took a sip of her soda. "I'm just saying-"

"That if I ever have a roommate, I would let you guys know. Yeah, I got it." Eddie made a thumbs-up response at the redhead.

A few minutes later, the rest of the Losers' Club appeared at the table Eddie and Bev were sitting at with their food. Once all of them were situated, he tapped Stan on the shoulder and motioned to follow him. The curly-haired boy was confused at what Eddie was doing, but he followed him anyway.

Once they were far from the rest of the group and in a secluded area, Eddie proceeded to shout at him. "You shouldn't be telling the rest of the group about my roommate!"

"Oh, so he is real," Stan said with a hint of surprise.

Eddie ignored Stan's comment and continued rambling. "Everybody else in our friend group is going to think I've gone insane! I want to

maintain my reputation as someone that's not babysitting an undead being."

As for Eddie, Stan felt that there was nothing harmless about the situation. "Why are you so angry with all of this? At least you got a little buddy with you."

"First of all, he was the one that kept pulling a bunch of pranks on me." Eddie held up his index finger at Stan. He proceeded to list more things about the ghost that the brunette didn't like. "Secondly, he has the language and behavior of a perverted high schooler. And thirdly, he hurt you yesterday."

"Wow, he did all of that in a few days. You must be in love with him. And do I have to remind you that I was fine? I didn't die."

Eddie laughed darkly. "After the stunt he pulled yesterday? No. Look, I don't want the others to be involved in all of this. And I'm pretty sure my roommate wouldn't too."

"Well, how about you go on a date with me for just one day and I'll shut up about your undead roommate?" Stan suggested.

Eddie thought there was no harm in that offer and ultimately accepted. "Okay, deal. But I can't go on one at the moment since I'm a little busy with homework."

"It's okay. Just call me and I'll get back to you."

And with that, the pair went back to their friends and pretended nothing had happened between the two of them.

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When Eddie finally went back to his apartment, he still felt like shit. He was able to resolve his little problem with Stan, but now he had to deal with the huge crapload of homework he had to do. The thing was Eddie wanted so badly to give up and wish his work away. But at the same time, there was a part of him that wanted him to keep going.

He had nothing else better to do anyway, so Eddie decided to work

on his math homework. After all, math is essential for his major which is economics. He went to his desk that was located inside his room and got everything he needed to do homework. 10 minutes into doing his math homework and he knew absolutely nothing about how to do the math problems. It was strange to stumble on a math problem for him because usually, he was excellent at math.

He would seek help with his homework, but there were no tutors hanging around at this time of day. Also, it was getting a little late. Eddie groaned and let his head fall onto his desk. Eddie's desk was starting to resemble more of his mind a lot now. Unorganized and out of place was what his mind looked like if you took a peek inside. During his lamenting, he failed to notice Richie's slight electric touch on his shoulder.

"Eddie, are you awake?"

The brunette nodded, not wanting to change his position.

"Hey, I'm sorry for what happened earlier. I'm a huge dick. A phantom dick if you will. Now, will you forgive me?"

Richie's comment made Eddie change his position so sudden and look at him in disgust. "Apology not accepted."

Eddie smiled a little when he saw Richie's face turn into confusion. "What?! I thought short apologies are more preferred than those run-on ones."

"Well, you know nothing about owning up to someone."

"Can you just cut me some slack, please? For once?" Richie pleaded and pulled his hand away from Eddie's shoulder. The static he felt when Richie pulled his hand away stung a little. "I haven't been out in the real world for such a long time. How would you feel if you were alone in a place where you couldn't do anything and you couldn't leave at all? Well, I'm sorry for being a shitty roommate, friend, or whatever the hell you see me as to you."

Eddie could see Richie was going to break. Without thinking, he took his hand and squeezed it. He felt the same static feeling when he held

Richie's hand. The static feeling didn't hurt him too much. Eddie didn't know why he did it, but he felt it was what Richie needed.

"Well, that's kind of gay of you to do that, Eds." Richie had an expression on his transparent face that Eddie couldn't decipher. But he shrugged that off.

"Oh, shut up. Don't ruin the moment." Eddie moved a little closer to the ghost. It was a little weird to find out that he could actually touch Richie.

"So does this mean my apology is accepted now?" Richie spoke after a long minute of silence that fell between the pair.

"Yeah." But he had realized he needed someone to confide in. Don't get him wrong. He was comfortable telling his friends anything, but somehow he didn't want to burden his friends with the stuff he was going through. He needed someone that didn't have responsibilities to attend to. He needed someone that was going to be there for him.

As if Richie was reading his mind (again), he said, "I know something's on your mind, Eds. You're not criticizing me the way I act as much."

"I've been stressed lately." The words felt a little foreign to him when he said them. It was hard to admit them. "It's the middle of the semester and all my other friends have been having the time of their lives. But for me, I'm stuck here doing a crapload of work."

"You know, that's normal. There might have been a time when I was alive where someone lived a better life than me. I was upset they lived a great life and I was stuck alone." Richie paused to squeeze Eddie's hand and continued his little speech. "Sometimes it's okay to feel that way, but that doesn't stop us from doing our own thing. Whatever's bringing you down should be heard by everyone that cares a lot about you."

Eddie was impressed with Richie's advice. "Wow, that's pretty insightful."

Richie decided to take both of Eddie's hands and hold them. "You can

do this, Eds. I believe in you. You made it this far into the semester. I'm sure you're a smart person."

The brunette was baffled at Richie's gesture, but he accepted it. "Thanks, Rich."

"If you're comfortable, maybe I can take a peek of what you're working on?"

"Uh, sure. I doubt you'll understand it though." Richie gave some space for Eddie to move around and get what he needed. The brunette gave the ghost the math homework he had been stuck on.

"Woah, this is pretty easy," Richie said as he examined the paper that was given to him.

"Wait, what?! I thought you're a dumbass."

"I may act like a dumbass, but that doesn't mean I'm that dumb." Richie rebutted. "Besides, let me show you how it's done." And Richie did just that. He helped Eddie with his math homework and Eddie was now able to understand what to do.

Eddie thought he knew Richie well, but maybe he was wrong about him. Maybe there was more to him than he thought. It sounded promising to give the ghost another chance after all.

### **Author's Note:**

I hope y'all enjoyed this first chapter! I already started on the next chapter, but it might not come out until next week. This is because college registration for next semester is coming in less than 2 weeks so I have to do last minute stuff to prepare. I hope you guys understand. Also, be sure to leave a comment on your thoughts!